



WE ARE GETTING THERE FAST.

STERN PARENT. — Willy, is n't that Miss Bloomers going soon? — it 's nearly eleven o'clock!
SON. — Yes, Mama; she 's just saying good night!



WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

"Their children shall see it and be glad."
— ZECH. X : 7.



WHEN CHRISTMAS comes I look for snow
And ice and things like that, you know ;
But, best of all, I 'm glad because
I 'm goin' to catch old Santa Claus.
I 'm goin' to wake up in the night
And keep right still with all my might,
And jump and grab him round the neck
And hold him tight and say, right quick :
"Hey! Christmas gif!" and ketch him first,
An'— I 'm so tickled I mos' burst,
When Christmas comes.

I 'm goin' to say : "I want a knife,
An' gun an' pistol an' a fife,
An' powder an' some shot, an' some
Big shootin' crackers an' a drum
An' sword an' trumpet an' some books,
An' soap an' comb an' brush— fer looks—
An' engine an' base-ball an' bat,
An' sled an' skates an' things like that,
An' nuts an' candies an' a lot
Of everything I have n't got,"
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes I git so glad
I almost can't tell good from bad,
And onct I scratched a bad boy, 'cause
He said my Pa was Santa Claus
An' all boys' Pa's was, an'— we fit,
For how could all boys' Pa's be it!—
An' then he changed an' sez he was
Just foolishin' 'bout Santa Claus.
An' Pa, he laughed, but Ma, she frowns—
An'— we chase round in our night gowns
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes I got a sox
Of fine old silk in Gran'pa's box,
Up in the attic, 'bout as wide
As Ma's is where her garter 's tied;
An' when it 's full an' puffy out
Like Granpa's was once with the gout,
His ghost 'll say : "Dod drat it," 'cause
That 's just the kind my Gran'pa was—
"Dot drat that boy, he wants the y'arth!"
An'— we boys crack nuts on the hearth,
When Christmas comes.

Edwin S. Hopkins.



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DISAPPOINTED.

MOTHER.—Well, my little daughter, what did Miss Goldentext
teach you at Sunday-school this morning?

LITTLE DAUGHTER (*sadly*).—She nebber teach me nuzzin cep
take my penny 'way fum me!



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A DISADVANTAGE.

FRIEND.—It is a pity your place is n't nearer the station.
SUBURBANITE.—Yes, it is. If it was, I 'd have sold it long ago.

FOR THE MINSTRELS.

BONES.—Why am de Hon. William McKinley like de Sultan?

TAMBO.—Why *am* de Hon. etc., etc?

BONES.—He hab got to keep his eye peeled or de
Czar will get ahead ob him.

TRANSFERRED AFFECTIONS.

MRS. SUBBUBS.—So you 've no objections to liv-
ing in the country?

MISS O'ROURKE.—Phwat 's the difference?
Since the new police boord came in—bad luck to
their shake ups!—a gur-rl might as well give up
all hope of stiddy company!

ADMIRATION.

SHE.—Vot you t'ink of dot Paderewski?

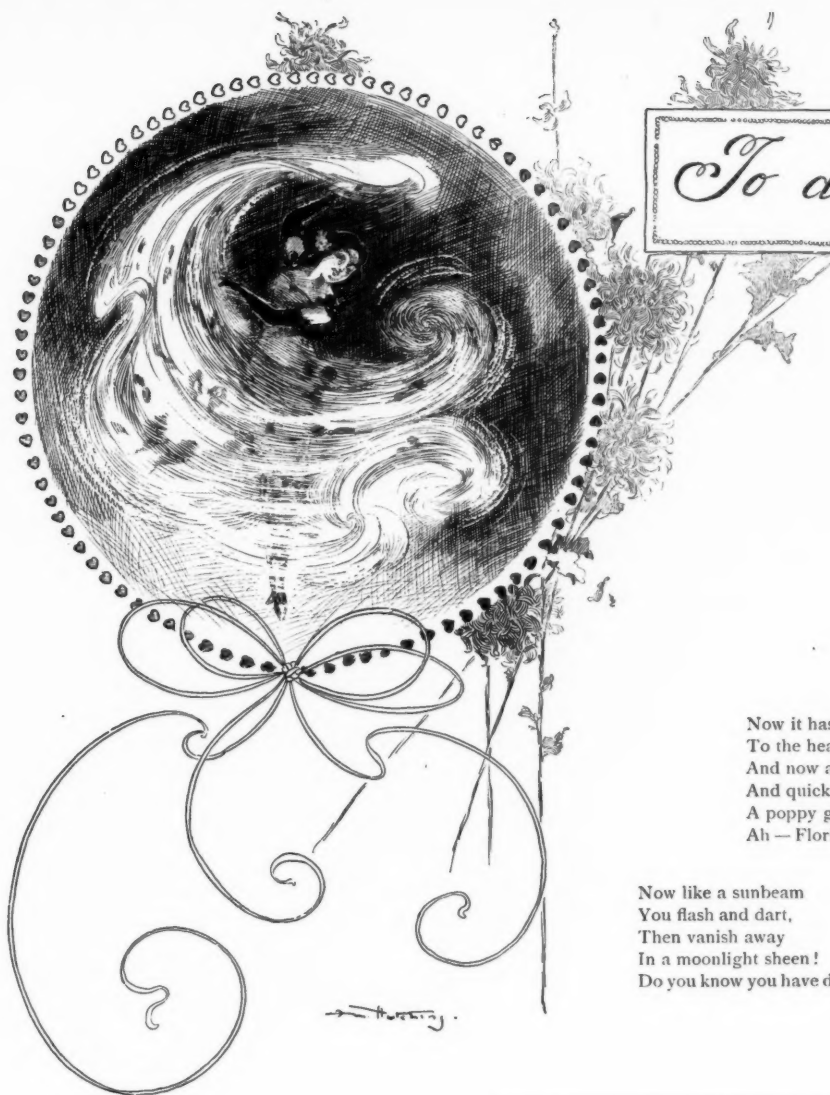
HE.—He vos vonderful—vonderful! I never
t'ought dere vos so much money in blayin' der
pianner.

THE JINGO'S MOTTO—In time of peace
hunt up a *casus belli*.

TURKISH POLITICS seem to need a Turkish bath.

THE DIFFERENCE between the sleeves now worn by women and Mer-
cutio's wound, is that the wound was not so wide as a church door.





To a Skirt Dancer

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FLORINE — Florine!
With a bound and a whirl
You appear on the scene,
And my pulse responds,
For the evening through
I have waited and longed,
Florine — for you!

And now — Florine,
You rainbow sprite,
Though you know me not,
You 're my heart's delight,
As in and out
Of the changeful light
You whirl your
Diaphanous gown of white.

Now it has changed
To the heart of a rose,
And now a lily is gleaming fair;
And quick as a thought
A poppy glows;
Ah — Florine!

Now like a sunbeam
You flash and dart,
Then vanish away
In a moonlight sheen!
Do you know you have danced on a heart?

S. D. B.



RIVAL DIGNITIES.

ENGLISHMAN (*producing a pocket coin*). — My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling.
YANKEE (*with a similar gesture*). — What a coincidence! My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent.

IN CHICAGO.

VISITOR. — Where is it that man lives? Must be outside the city limits, is n't it?
RESIDENT. — Outside the what?
VISITOR. — The city limits.
RESIDENT. — We have n't any.

NOT AN IDLE BOAST.

DOOLAN. — Fitzgerald says he's disscinded from some of the great-est houses in Ireland.
MULCAHY. — Musha! So he did manys the toime — on a laddher!

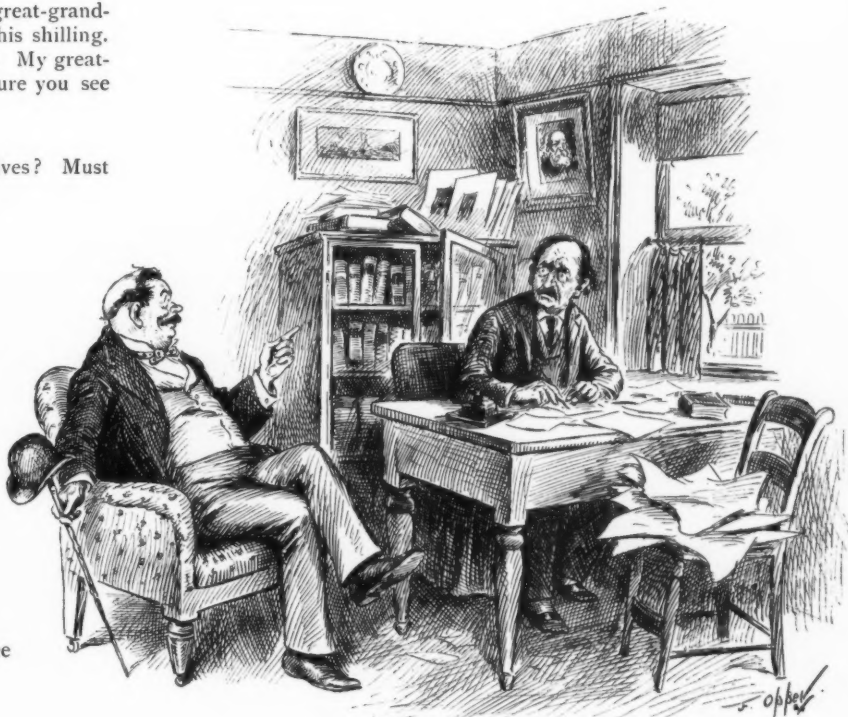
THE MAN who is looking for trouble does n't need a search-light.

"MISS GUSH has n't much of a head for mathematics."
"Why so?"

"During the evening I have heard her tell how, on three different occasions, she was 'frightened half to death.'"

LITTLE DROPS of water
Freezing on the walk,
Make the naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

SOME MEN kick like a mule, but lack the force that renders that animal's kicks effective.



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HELP.

AUTHOR. — I want to say that the wind howled hideously all night, but I've used that expression before and I'd like to put it in different shape.

FRIEND. — Say that it whistled like an office-boy.

THE HAWTHORN SPRAY.*

By H. C. BUNNER.

A Pantomime in Four Acts. Begun in CHRISTMAS PUCK, No. 978.



And then there's a scene, for Mama-to-be
Has a mind of her own and speaks it free,
And the crowd outside are making a din,
And show various signs of a wish to come in;
And only the Notary's counsel wise
Stays the wild tumult that threatens to rise.

But at last the Doctor is properly dressed,
And his wandering mind is duly impressed
With a sense of the duty that lies ahead,
And he really perceives that he's going to wed;
And at last he yields him to Fate's command,
And goes to offer the bride his hand.

But, but, but — there is always a but,
You never can tell when Fate's thread is cut;
And you've got to remember that all this time,
Two lovers were hearing a wedding chime,
Two true lovers whose thoughts were not
Bent on retort and on gallipot;
Two true lovers whose questioning eyes
Came together in natural wise.
The blue pair said, "Why were n't you true?"
The brown pair said, "If you only knew!"
And both said together: "I LOVE YOU!"

And so when the Doctor came to set
His lips on the hand of sweet Pierrette,
She waved him back like an angry queen,
With frowning brow and indignant mien,
And sent him back to filter and stir
The messes he thought of far more than of her.
And while he hesitates, dazed and perplexed,
Poor little Pierrette, insulted and vexed,
Sweeps the whole outfit right into the fire,
That blazes up almost as hot as her ire;
Gallipot, crucible, pipkin all smashed,
And red and blue flames from the old furnace
flashed.

O Pierrette, O Pierrette,
Such doings the Doctor has never seen yet,
Chemicals wasted, experiments spoiled,
And the end's all frustrated for which he has toiled;
Sacrilege, sacrilege past all compare,
And Pierrette stands and laughs at him, laughs at him
there.

And, of course, in perplexity, rage and woe,
The Doctor looks promptly for aid from Pierrot,
Which aid the youth gives with commendable haste,
By putting his arm round the maiden's slim waist —
Pierrette who refuses to give her young heart
For a heart nine parts chemistry, passion, one part.

The crowd outside still clamors and sings,
Mama-in-law faints and does various things,
The notary's raving, but there stands yet,
Pierrot with his arm round the waist of Pierrette.

And the Doctor? He stands and looks on, and his
eyes
Begin to light up with a kindly surprise;
He looks at Pierrette, and he looks round his room,
And he looks at the mischievous Hawthorn bloom,
And all of a sudden he comes to remember
An old, old rhyme about May and December,



And really and truly and honestly, now,
That Doctor, he puckered a thoughtful old brow,
And asked Pierrot if a fortune or so —
Say a few thousand louis — would lure him to go
And marry a girl who so low could fall
That she had no respect for chemics at all.
And what said Pierrot — oh, please to guess! —
What was there to say if Pierrette said YES?

And the Doctor went to the window wide,
To introduce the bridegroom and bride
To the folks who were making remarks outside.
And then they tell me a Hawthorn Spray,
That had borne its bloom the first of May,
Suddenly burst into bloom again,
And up from the street came this refrain,
To greet the spray new-blossomed in June,
And "Haste to the wedding,"

"Haste to the wedding,"

"Haste to the wedding."

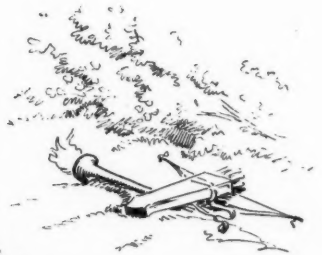
That's what was the tune.



Come haste to the wedding that brings hearts together
That love for love only and care not for gold,
Love's journey should start in the fair, sunny weather,
And not when the year has grown chilly and old.
The bloom of the May wakes the heart of the lover,
But, oh! to the heart that has let love go by,
Ne'er comes back the sweet time again,
April or May-time, or June or July.

And now the curtain falling,
Falls on a true Spring day,
For though it fall in Junetide,
And Summer be at noontide,
Spring comes when love awakes,
Spring comes when love's day breaks,
And the Spring that reneweth the Hawthorn Spray,
Has begun for two true lovers to-day.
And the Spring of love is calling,
Now that the curtain's falling.

THE END.



And he wonders what led him one fancy to waste
On a girl who for chemistry has n't a taste.
What! she for his wife who would wantonly spill
The remarkable products of chemical skill?
'T was a madness, a dream, 't was a folly just born,
Of the smell of the Spring-time, of the bloom of the thorn,
If he only were out of it — then came a thought —
If love could be sold, perhaps love could be bought.

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ONE EXCEPTION.

CLEVERTON.—A man's clothes don't always
make the man, do they?

DASHAWAY.—My clothes have made my man.

NOT LITERAL.

TEACHER.—If a boy smites you on the right
cheek, what should you do?

DICK HICKS.—Give it to him with me left,
also.

NOT QUITE AN EXPERT.

JOHNSON.—How are you getting along with
your bicycle riding?

JACKSON.—First-class! I can do everything
except chew gum.

THE CHRYSALIS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Full many a change, for grief or joy,
Occurs in life's short span;
Full many a district messenger boy
Becomes a fast young man.

A LIBERAL SUPPLY.

AUNT FANNY.—Goodness, Tommy! What
a lot of toys Santa Claus has brought you!

PAPA.—Yes, indeed! Tommy has toys enough
to last him a couple of days.

WHAT WE want, apparently, is some kind of
reform which will not interfere with any-
body's convenience.

THE RIGHT COURSE.

"Sir, I am a self-made man!"

"Honest confession is good for the soul."

GLOOM.

FIRST CABMAN.—How do you find things?

SECOND CABMAN.—Slow! Just think! I
bought that horse yesterday, and he has n't paid
for himself yet!

DESCRIPTION.

SHE.—Cholly is not tall, is he?

HE.—Oh, no! Cholly is rather *petite*.

WHAT THE silver men want is change — two
tens for a five, or something like that.

A DISASTROUS WARMING.

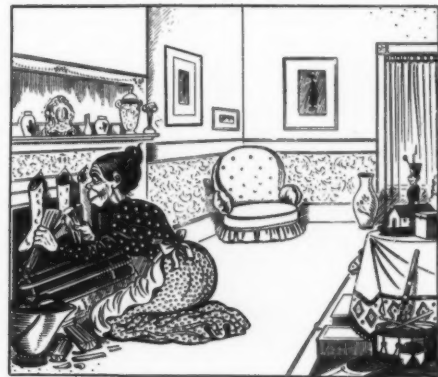
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MR. POPLIGH.—The stockings are all hung up, children. Now off to bed, and happy dreams of Santa Claus and Christmas!



MR. POPLIGH.—I'll bet their little eyes will sparkle when they see these stockings full of sugar plums and chocolate creams!



BRIDGET (Christmas morning).—I'll just build a fire. It will be althor looking so warm and cheerful when th' little dar-r-lin's come down to see phwat Santa Claus has brought thim.

RUN TO EARTH.

"Show your authority!"

The prisoner glared sullenly at Sleuth, the Detective, and then at the bracelets on his wrists.

"Curse it! My badge is gone!"

The tracker of criminals was clutching wildly at the left lapel of his vest.

"But —"

He pointed triumphantly at his shoes.

"What's the matter with those?"

They were the largest size and thickest soles that money could buy; and, despite the Hawkshaw's disguise, the desperate criminal knew only too well he was in the hands of a real detective.



MR. AND MRS. POPLIGH.—Merry Christmas, children! Just see how full Santa Claus left your stockings.



THE CHILDREN (in a howling chorus).—Weow! Boo! hoo! hoo! They're all melted.

NOT THAT KIND.

JACK.—Now that we are engaged I have taken out an insurance policy in your favor.

JESS.—But you have n't asked Papa's consent yet.

JACK.—Nit; it is n't an accident policy.

IMITATION MAY be the sincerest flattery; but the modest man who controls the original, genuine, world-renowned patent article has no use for that sort of adulation.

A DOUBTFUL DEBT.

CHOLLEY WALDORF.—And how much does Upson Downes owe you?

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Well, forty dollars, borrowed cash, and thirty dollars, poker money; but I don't ever expect to get the last, as it's merely a debt of honor.

A REMEDY AT HAND.

DE RUYTER.—Scribbler's got it awful since his new book of poems came out. The *Censor* says he is conglomerate, blatant, and painfully sazonic.

PHIL ISTINE (anxiously).—Why don't the poor fellow take sarsaparilla?

I was all run down, and my blood was just as bad, but it built me up!

AN ADMISSION.

LEA.—I wonder if Prof. Kidder meant anything by it?

PERRINS.—By what?

LEA.—He advertised to lecture on "Fools," and when I bought a ticket it was marked, "Admit One."

THE REMEDY AT HAND.

WADE.—Singleton's dreadfully cut up about Miss Stone's jilting him; says he wants to quit society, to live where he knows no one and no one knows him, forgetting the world and be by the world forgot.

BUTCHER.—That's easy! Let him rent a flat in a big Harlem apartment house.

POOR PROSPECT.

WYCKOFF.—So Muggson has moved into his new home in Harlem—is he going to have a house-warming?

KURDLER.—I'm afraid not; it's a steam-heated flat.



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EASILY ELIMINATED.

MR. CLOSEFIST.—What! One hundred dollars for Christmas presents? You can't have it! I can't afford it! You'll have to let some one do without.

MRS. CLOSEFIST.—I can't do it. I have the list here, and there is no one I can slight; and, at the lowest, it amounts to a hundred dollars.

MR. CLOSEFIST.—I can do without one; cut mine out.

MRS. CLOSEFIST (after a little figuring).—All right! Now I will only need ninety-nine dollars and one cent.



HIS LIMIT.

THE MAJOR.— Say when, Colonel.

THE COLONEL.— When it 's just goin' to flow over, Major.

SHE GOT THEM.

BOBBY.— The flowers and candy you sent sister yesterday came when she was out.

CASTLETON.— But she got them, did n't she?

BOBBY.— She 's wearing them now.

A NATURAL QUERY.

MISS PASSE (*cooly*).— Mr. Grymes proposed to me last night.

MISS PERT.— Who will be your bridesmaids?



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THE SLOTHFULNESS OF HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

MR. PORKINGHAM (*of Chicago, on his return home from his first trip to New York*).— Talk about hustling— why, New Yorkers ain't in it with us Chicago people!

MRS. PORKINGHAM.— You don't say!

MR. PORKINGHAM.— Yes; why, they 're actually too lazy to take off their coats when they set down to a meal!

HE DECLINES TO RETRACT.

"As I said before," remarked the shade of Bobby Burns, when they called him up at a spiritualistic séance at which several specimens of the New Woman were present; "as I said before, 'a man 's a man for a' that.'"

NOT IN IT NOW.

MR. GRONEDARTER.— What 's become of that young Callowby who used to be here every night with our Maud, singing about sittin' beside her in her eyes?

MRS. GRONEDARTER (*quietly*).— I think he had to get up and give some one else his seat.

A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

CADDINGTON.— Do you believe in a personal devil?

FULLJAMES.— Do I? Well, I used to run a country paper!



GOOD THINGS are more likely to be cheap than cheap things are to be good.



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THE INTERRUPTED LULLABY.

MRS. MELLOWDY (*singing*).—" Sleep, Baby, Sle-e-p!"

MR. MELLOWDY.— Laura, I wish you 'd close that piano, and stop singing. You 've been keeping this child awake for over an hour.

ABSORBED.

THE BOYS.— How did you get away from your wife, old man?

GRIMSBY.— A few moments before I left the house her new hat came.



POINTER.

DUSTY RHODES.— Never ask for dinner at Mrs. Dogood's, except on Sunday.

FITZ WILLIAM.— Why not?

DUSTY RHODES.— Any other day she would expect you to work for it.

SOME of the mirrors which are being held up to nature appear to be blurred.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 25th, 1895.—No. 981.

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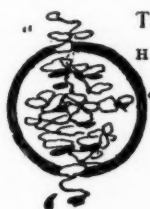
AN UNWORTHY ECONOMY.

ONE THING has been clearly proven by the revelations made in the Ludlow Street Jail scandal; and that is that it is high time that the Federal Government provided itself with decent and adequate quarters for the transaction of its business and the care of its prisoners, lunatics and others within its temporary or permanent charge. The arrangements that exist at present in several departments are a disgrace to the national government, and an imposition on the public. Congress seems to have exhausted its liberality in providing Custom-Houses and Post-offices; and too often large portions of these buildings are invaded by so many other branches of the service that their legitimate usefulness is seriously impaired. Structures scarcely adequate to the needs for which they were designed are made to do duty for half a dozen purposes, and the result is a general embarrassment and annoyance. But this is not the worst. When these over-crowded buildings can be no further over-crowded, the government casts off all pretense of official dignity, and bestows its officials wherever they can be conveniently housed, to the great discomfort and confusion of the public.

But this is only the most prominent and obviously offensive deficiency of a bad system, which reaches the danger-point when it undertakes to farm out criminals, and the criminal insane, to state or municipal govern-

DUNRAVEN THE DONE UP.

WE ARE afraid that if Lord Dunraven had postponed sailing for this country until he collected from his scattered sailors and cabin-boys and cooks enough sworn evidence to clear him of the charge of malicious slander, he would not have been able to sail much before next year's yachting season—and we doubt if he would have cared to make the trip just then. It does not matter in the least, however. The wise step that the New York Yacht Club has taken in adding Captain Mahan and ex-Minister Phelps to its Investigating Committee made his presence entirely unnecessary. With the tribunal, as it is at present constituted, not even the hysterical and indecent *London Field* can cast a doubt on the fairness of its examination, and the justice of its decision. But, as a matter of fact, the only people to whom that decision could ever have been of real importance and interest were the Englishmen who honestly and in good faith believed that there must be something in the extraordinary charges put forward in so positive and unqualified a fashion: and there seems to be evidence enough that Dunraven has lost for himself this respectable supporting. It looks as if the solid sportsmen of England want only one thing of Dunraven; and that is to have him recognize the fact that he is, to all intents and purposes, dead—dished—done up; and more than overdue in the dark realm of silence and oblivion. In fact, it seems hardly necessary that the New York Yacht Club should declare him officially dead, to induce his countrymen to bury him deeply and securely under the weight of their contempt and disgust.



THE DAINTY MAID AND THE ROSE.

H! TELL me your secret, my dainty maid,
So asked her a red-red Rose;
"I know you've a lover you love full well
As far as a maid's love goes.
But that is changing—from day to day
It changes, as every one knows—
I'd give my life for the one I love!"
So sighing—the red-red Rose.

The dainty maid tossed her dainty head,
And gathered the red-red Rose;
"Then I'll be the one you shall love," she said,
"As far as a flower's love goes—
And so we are quits!" she gayly cried,
(For now in her bodice it glows;)
"Your love shall be mine if it last but a day—"
"T is my life!" sighed the red-red Rose.

Susan Dawson Brown.

HE STATES THE PROBLEM.

MR. CRUSTY.—Something to eat, eh? I guess not! What you want is something to drink.

THE MENDICANT.—Well, s'posin' I do? Ain't it Sunday? How kin I git somethin' to drink unless I git somethin' to eat?

THE REPUBLICAN CATECHISM.

"When did the tariff law passed by the last Congress go into effect?"

"A couple of years before it was passed—at the beginning of the depression. The law now in operation, under which business has revived, is the law the Republicans intend to pass, if they get a chance."

NO PLACE FOR ENJOYMENT.

MISS SMALLTALK.—No! I shan't go to the opera again very soon. Somehow the Metropolitan is n't built for hearing.

MR. UPPINGEE.—Really, you amaze me! I thought its acoustic properties perfect.

MISS SMALLTALK.—Well, all I know is, we could hardly hear one another in our own box, and I had to strain my ears the whole evening to hear what the people in the next box were saying.

THE PAST triumphs of civilization justify the hope that it will some day extend to the foot-ball field.

A PARAPHRASE.

'T is excellent to have a giant's might
To smite thy foe or stoutly to resist;
But whoso hath such power should shun a fight
Even as doth the gentle pugilist.



WORSE AND WORSE.

ROBBINS (to VISITOR).—I don't mind this new woman business, but my wife carries it too far! She has lost all her womanly and feminine instinct.
VISITOR (wishing to smooth matters over).—Oh! you only think she has.
ROBBINS (savagely).—I don't think anything about it! I know it! Why, she actually does her shopping by mail!



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THE REPUBLICAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE TWO BIG BOSSES HAVE FULL CHARGE OF IT, AND THE MOST OBEDIENT BOYS WILL COME IN FOR THE BEST GIFTS.

J. O'HARA LITH CO. NEW YORK.



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN and members of the glee club," began Colonel Handy Polk, the enterprising real-estate agent, advancing to the front of the stage and addressing the large and cultured audience assembled in the Spread Eagle Theatre upon Christmas Eve, "we have met yere to-night for the purpose of celebratin' the happiest time of all the year, and I feel that it will not be out of place for me to make a few appropriate remarks regardin' the — er — sperrit of the occasion, and — er — You little boys, down thar on the front seat, stop that squabblin'; it hain't cunnin'!"

"Ah! my friends, as I stand yere, lookin' down into your happy faces — with the big Christmas tree on my left fairly swaggin' to the floor with the weight of the presents strung on it, and on my right the gang of sweet little girls who are goin' to git off the entertaining cantatter, jest before Sandy Claws makes his appearance, under the charmin' auspices of Miss Gladys Mork, I — er-ah — feel to say from the depths of my soul — Looky yere, you little boys! If you don't stop that thar infernal

squabblin', I'll have every last sinner of you flung out in the snow!

"As I was about to remark, ladies and gentlemen and members of the glee club, lookin' back, as it were, over the year which is now drawin' swiftly to a close, I am moved to observe that the happy holiday which we have met yere to-night, with peace and good will fairly bubblin' over in our hearts, to celebrate, is a fittin' close — or, I should say, consummation — of the — er-er — year which is now drawin' swiftly to a close. It has been, takin' it up one side and down the other, an ery of peace and happiness, and — er — I wish to announce, before I forgit it, that our urbane friend, Alkali Ike, has been delegated to keep order yere to-night, and — I'd like to know why that thar uncurried-lookin' gent settin' by the stove is keepin' his hat on? This hain't no sawmill!"

The offender, who was Stingaree Bill, of Rantedodlar, and somewhat under the influence of strong waters, growled sarcastically that he "did n't know so much about that," but dragged his hat off doggedly as Alkali Ike rose at the other side of the room and glared significantly at him.

"And, now, ladies and gentlemen and members of the glee club," continued the Colonel, "we are assembled yere to-night — er-er — let's



LOSING HIS RESERVE.

"Your baby does n't seem to mind strangers as much as when I saw him two weeks ago."

"Dear me, no! Think of the nurses he has had since then!"

see; whur was I at? Oh, yes! As I was sayin', it has been an ery of peace and happiness, and upon this occasion — You cuss thar by the stove, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Whoop!" responded the gentleman addressed, frankly; "these yere obsequies plumb make my neck ache — they are that tiresome an' stale! Let's tear loose an' sorter git acquainted! Whoop! Hi-yah!"

"Shut up or git out!" commanded Alkali Ike, rising again; "this yere hain't no honkytonk!"

"Like to see somebody take me out!" retorted the gentleman from Rantedodlar, ominously; "I have my opinion of these yere doin's — they hain't no earthly good for entertainin' a live man! I'm a wolf, an' this is my night to howl! Whoop!"

"Let up on that, you qualified son-of-this-an'-that!" roared Ike, crowding his way through the throng; "I'm yere to preserve the peace an' good will of this occasion, an', by thunder, I'm goin' to do it, even if I have to bend a gun over your head!"

"Yow!" replied the offender, in a loud and resonant voice; "like to see you do it! I'm a mean hog, an' I don't keer whur I root! Come on an' drive me out! Whoop! Hi-yip!"

Isaac promptly came over and made his word good by deftly welting the Mean Hog over the head a couple of times with his six-shooter, after which he dragged the disturbing element to the door and cast him into outer darkness, as per his own desire so lately expressed.

"And, now, ladies and gentlemen and members of the glee club," resumed Colonel Polk, "I will wind up my remarks by sayin' in conclusion that the lynchin' which it was confidently expected would foller the shootin'-match to-morrow afternoon has been indefinitely postponed. The horse-thief that a delegation of the Reform Committee were pursuin' was too blamed swift for 'em. That is all I have to say. Thankin' you for your kind attention, we will now listen to the cantatter, after which the presents will be distributed."

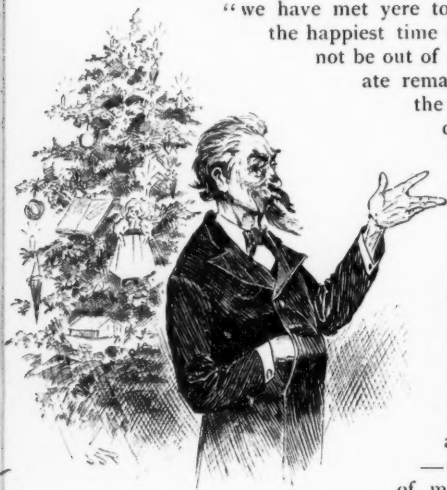
Tom P. Morgan.

OUT NEAR APPENDIX JUNCTION.

UNCLE GEEHAW (to neighbor).—They ought ter run the railroad trains more reg'lar! Beats all how lax these companies do git! The Lonelywood express was late yesterday; an', consarn it! Sary sp'iled her hull bakin', takin' time frum it.



THE UNEXPECTED often happens at Christmas; but etiquette compels us to state that it is always superior to what we expected.



HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

COCKNEY TOUT.—Right 'ere was w'ere the gryte fire o' Lunnon commenced. It begun in Puddin' Lane and ended at Pie Corner.

MR. EINSTEIN (en route).—You candt tell me noddings apoudt der inzurance, aindt it?



AT THE "PORTRAIT LOAN."

HE was painted by Copley, of Boston town,
On some eighteenth century date,
And she hangs on the wall in a silken gown
And holds her receptions in state.
She was lovely of old, as all may see,
And she looks just as lovely now
As she sits and quietly smiles at us, —
But who was she, anyhow?

To what solid old merchant of the Hub
Do we owe that charming face,
And the indescribable "can't tell what,"
That makes her a thing of grace?

She must have a pedigree, past any doubt,
Though her picture has none, they say.
I'd give a good deal to find out her name, —
Now who was she, anyway?

W. R.

REMOVING HIS DOUBTS.

UNCLE GOLDBRICK. — You think them pants is good material, eh?

MR. ISAACS. — Goot material? Mein frendt, dem goots has choost taken der first brize at der Atlanta Exbosition. Der chudges said dey nefer saw any'ting so cheap at two dollar undt a quvarter!

THE PASSING OF AN ISSUE.

"You may come out from under the table," said the private secretary. "It's gone."

When he emerged and drew himself up to his full height, the Candidate for the Nomination was visibly relieved, though still nervous.

"Gone!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "And nobody knows what I thought about it?"

"Not a soul! The Issue of the Day never touched you."

"Good!" said the Candidate. "Now I am ready to boldly denounce those outrages in Armenia, even if it should cost me the entire Turkish vote."

PROOF.

SHE. — The wedding was a great success, was n't it?

HE. — I should say it was! It took three large squads of police to keep order; and I thought at one time they might have to call out the militia.

[IF IT is really true that he who laughs last laughs best, the Englishman is a desirable smiler. He would be beaten by the Scotchman but for the fact that Donald never laughs.

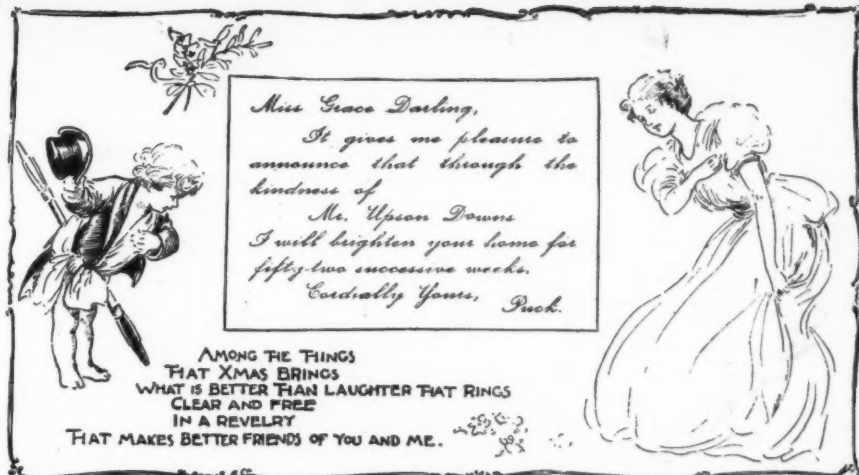


TOO TAME FOR HER.

MAUD. — I don't see how you can stand being engaged to a man who has to work nights!

MARIE. — He comes to see me afternoons.

MAUD. — Pshaw! How insipid! When he's gone, you must feel as though you had been to a matinée.



AMONG THE THINGS
THAT XMAS BRINGS
WHAT IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER THAT RINGS
CLEAR AND FREE
IN A REVELRY
THAT MAKES BETTER FRIENDS OF YOU AND ME.

Many of our friends have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

A Suitable Christmas Present,

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a Subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above sketch gives the design in outline. This card, printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give; to send by mail to distant dear ones; to put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present. Address: PUCK, NEW YORK.

First Prize: One Columbia Bicycle (\$100) and \$250 in cash.
Second Prize: One Columbia Bicycle (\$100) and \$100 in cash.
Third Prize: One Columbia Bicycle (\$100) and \$50 in cash.
Fourth Prize: One Columbia Bicycle (\$100).

Prizes for Columbia Bicycle Posters

We desire posters to advertise Columbia Bicycles—to make people better acquainted with the delight of riding them.

Therefore we want the best posters art can supply, and so offer prizes that should tempt earnest effort.

Artists, lithographers, printers, everybody can compete. Full particulars in circular.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
MAKERS OF COLUMBIA BICYCLES
HARTFORD, CONN.



"WHEN THE GREEN COMES BACK"

all thoughts return again to wheels and wheeling. You are bothered about CHRISTMAS GIFTS. What better than a

RAMBLER BICYCLE?

Catalogue upon application.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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Brooklyn. Detroit. Coventry, Eng.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Puck's Painting-Book" for Children, 50c.



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Sealskin Capes, trimmed with Chinchilla,

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Imported Cloaks and Wraps for Carriage and the Opera.

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SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
 Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells —

S O H M E R.

The New Rochester Lamp.
 As perfect as a Watch,
 2,000 Varieties in
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 and Onyx Banquet Lamps,
 mounted and furnished in the
 latest up-to-date manner.



For Wedding and Xmas PRESENTS

America's representative Lamp. Purchase no other. Insist on seeing the stamp; none genuine without it.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL.
 OIL HEATERS at \$5.00 EACH.
 No chimney used. Portable and handsome. See it in Believing.

THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO.
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This Month!
 Next Month!
 Every Month!

Woman!
 Take
 Pabst Malt Extract
 Warming
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 The "Best" Tonic

THE PILGRIM.

(Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches — prose, poetry and illustrations — by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to GEO. H. HEAFORD, Publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

TRANSPARENT KNIFE.
 Name, address, pictures under handle. Agents: Nov. Cut. Co. Canton, O.

In view of the last two elections, Senator Hill seems to be the kind of a prophet that would fit somewhere in the Weather Bureau.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LAUTIER Fils
OLIVE Oil.
 GEORGE LUKERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

EPIGRAMS are words so nicely fitted together that their lack of meaning is concealed by the brilliant effect they produce.—*Truth.*

REMEMBER that no Stocking will wear well or look well that does not fit well.

THE *Shawknit* IS THE **Best-Fitting**
 IT IS THE ONLY STOCKING THAT IS

—KNITTED TO THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT—

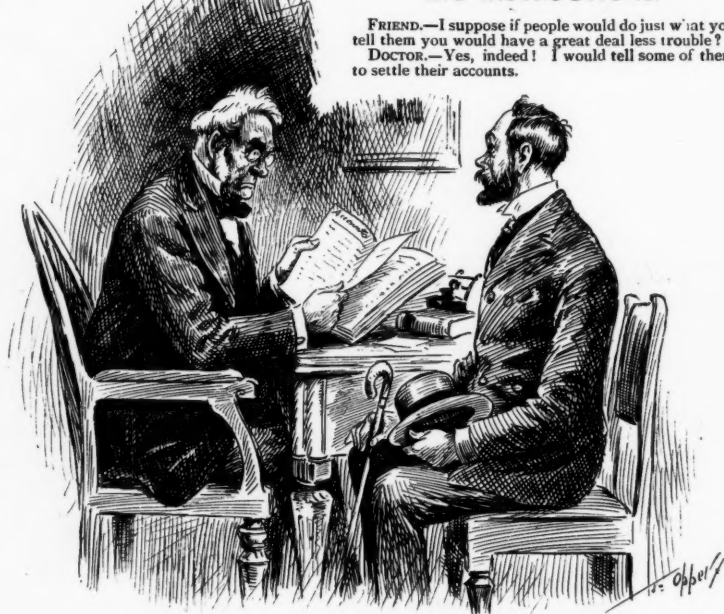
THE TRADE-MARK *Shawknit* IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.

Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.
 Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.

Shaw Stocking Co.
 LOWELL, MASS.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.



FRIEND.—I suppose if people would do just what you tell them you would have a great deal less trouble?
 DOCTOR.—Yes, indeed! I would tell some of them to settle their accounts.



Pure Harmless Satisfying.

MAIL POUCH
TOBACCO
ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

Never Flat



The bottle? Yes—but

Evans' India Pale Ale
NO!

Turn the bottle upside-down, down-side up, anyway, it is

Clear—NO Sediment.

As a **DRINK** "just the thing" for men and women—especially connoisseurs.

As a **TONIC**, it stands alone.

Two years in cask, bottled scientifically, mellow, and will keep in any climate.

At all Summer Resorts.

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CALIFORNIA WINES, BRANDIES AND OLIVE OIL.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS
SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED.
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Sample pairs mailed for the price. Look for "Graduated" Cord and name on each pair.

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We don't really suppose the north pole itself is much colder than a pitchfork handle on a frosty morning.—*West Union Gazette.*

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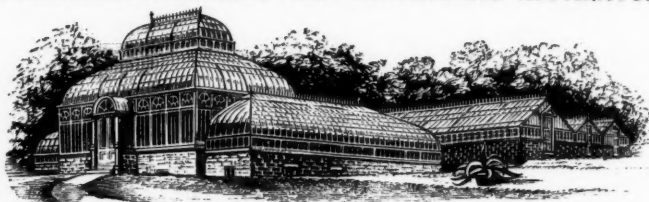
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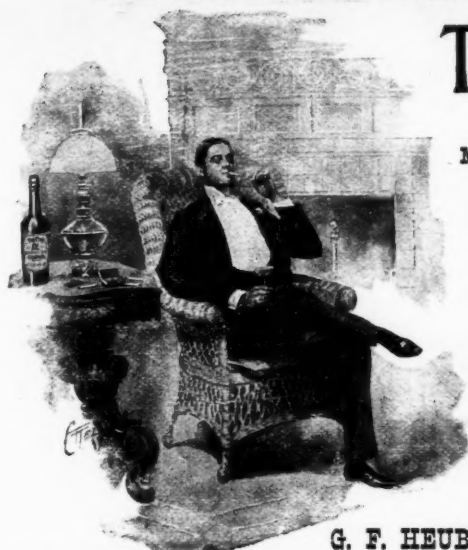
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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

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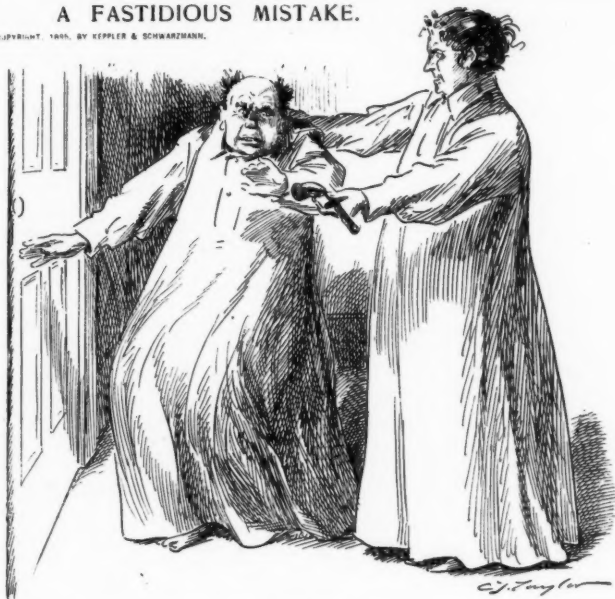
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G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.,

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A FASTIDIOUS MISTAKE.

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WIFE.—Here, take this and go down and see who it is.
HUSBAND, *weakly, through his chattering teeth*.—G-o-o-d g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s, w-o-m-a-n! You—
—you—don't wish me to stain my hands with human blood?
WIFE, *(in disgust)*.—Bah! you coward! You are frightened blind! Stain your hands with human blood! Bah! This is a revolver, and not a bowie-knife or a stiletto.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

{Spring}
{No. 2.}

Nature's Great Remedy in Uric-Acid Diathesis.
The Only Known Solvent of Stone in the
Bladder—Its Value in Gout.

Case of Governor THOMAS M. HOLT, of North Carolina.
Stated by Dr. E. C. LAIRD, Haw River, N. C.

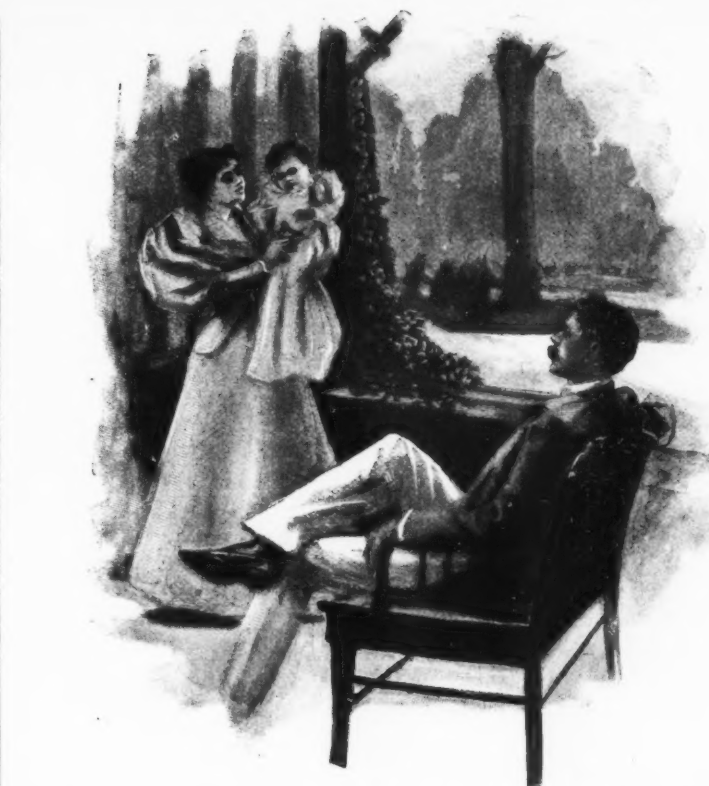
Gov. Thomas M. Holt, of North Carolina, a patient with strongly marked Uric-Acid Diathesis, suffered frequent attacks of Nephritic Colic, and at the same time a severe Gouty affection. Except as to the usual treatment for the relief of present paroxysms, I put him exclusively upon **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, which has been remarkably effective, both as to the Calculus and Gouty affection. Under its action he has at various times discharged large quantities of Calculi and Sand. The deposition of fine sand not infrequently exceeded a teaspoonful. Under microscopic examination it was evident that the Calculi were originally parts or larger formations which had been disintegrated by the action of the Water.

What Governor Holt Himself says:

"I do not at all doubt that **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** which I must regard as one of the most wonderful Waters of the World."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent free to any address.

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A man with a family

should study its needs: wholesome food, proper clothing, good air, exercise and (not the least necessary) an occasional tonic. For debility will creep in.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

is a food drink. One sup of it will give you more grain strength—actual nourishment—than a dozen loaves of bread. It gives consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases greater strength and healthy flesh, and gives nursing mothers just the nourishment they want.

To be had at all Druggists' and Grocers'.

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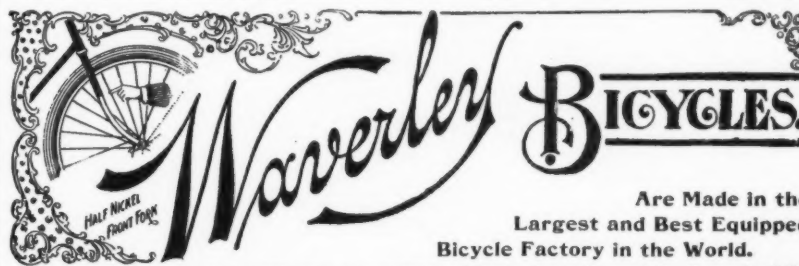
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FINAL TRIUMPH—The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C. has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n the disputed Highest Score of Award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

THE man who loafs is least satisfied with his pay.—*Ram's Horn.*

No WOMAN should work for a husband, after marriage.—*Adams Freeman.*

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WHEN a girl finds her ideal she discards it and gets another.—*West Union Gazette.*

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The prejudice that has for many years prevented intelligent people from using Complexion Powder is fast disappearing, as the many refreshing uses — to prevent sun-burn, chafing, wind-tan, lessen perspiration, etc., — are understood and tried. Pozzoni's is a cleanly, healthful and harmless Powder, an absolute necessity to the refined toilet in this climate, and when rightly used is invisible. This can not be said of all Complexion Powders, but every lady in America who has tried it knows that it is true of Pozzoni's. The trouble comes of using imitations, and at almost every store you will be offered something just as good as Pozzoni's. There is no Complexion Powder so good; many are unsafe and some are poisonous. A PUFF or POWDER BOX is as great a necessity as a toilet powder. All purchasers of a box of the genuine Pozzoni's Powder will be presented with a handsome "SCOVILL'S GOLD PUFF BOX," at any druggist's or fancy goods dealer's. Ask to see them.

Do NOT think you can talk about people and not do them damage; a cyclone is composed of nothing but wind. — *Atchison Globe.*

GOUT? SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
Liver, and all Uric
Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.



CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
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Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping-Cars leave Chicago daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago and North-Western Railway), and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change. All meals served in Dining-Cars. For particulars address H. A. Gross, G. E. P. A., No. 423 Broadway, New York, or W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

ECONOMY PERSONIFIED.

BOY. — This is only five cents; I charged ten cents.
HOUSEWIFE. — I know — but I charge five cents for the use of the shovel.

Cook's Extra Dry beats 'em all.
Cook's Imperial has a perfect bouquet.
Cook's Champagne is strictly pure.

STUDY LAW AT HOME.

He who tries to study law without a capable guide and instructor is groping in the dark. He needs light as to what books to study and in what order, and he needs explanations and helps with each book. A capable guide is one who is competent as an instructor. Many men know the law but are not good teachers. Through this school you can get an education in the law without leaving your home or business, under the direction of competent instructors who are making it their business to direct students in home study. The course is systematic, the textbooks the standard, the methods approved. Prepare for the bar or for business. Also Preparatory Course. You can begin at any time. Tuition low. Postal brings elegant catalogue and a unique book of 400 testimonials from students.

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL OF LAW,
Department J., Detroit, Michigan.

Be careful of your old shoes. They will come in handy at your wedding, and much handier afterwards. — *Adams Freeman.*

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

Get it from your dealer or send us \$14.50 for 12, or \$7.50 for 6 full qts.
By Express Prepaid.

PURE RYE — DALLEMAND & CO. CHICAGO

TURKEY is being "roasted," and the carving will soon begin. — *Peck's Sun.*

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A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT AND HOPS

FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA etc. RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

PREPARED BY
SIEBMAN'S SONS BREWING CO. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

Dr. Scott's GENUINE Electric Belt

for men and women, quickly cures Rheumatism, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney trouble, Nervous and General Debility, Gout, Indigestion, Pains in the Head, Back, Limbs, and kindred complaints. If you cannot get our belt from your druggist, read the following plan, which we have adopted to introduce them quickly in your neighborhood.

PRICE, \$3.00.

Given Away

Dr. Scott's Electric Insoles. For a limited period we will make to every person who sends us \$3 for one of our Standard Belts, a present of a pair of Dr. Scott's Celebrated Electric Insoles (Price 50c.), which will positively keep the feet warm and dry. Send for our circular giving information concerning all our goods. This offer is made for a short time only; do not delay, send at once; you may never have the chance again. Agents wanted.
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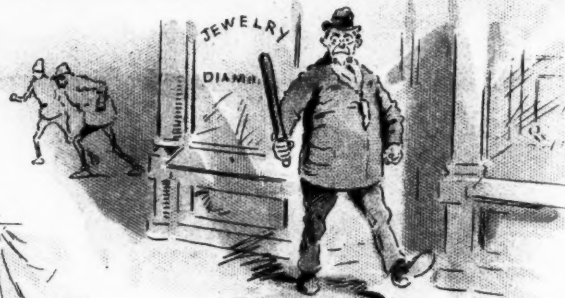
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